

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

What's the Use of Waiting?

"They" say "all things come to him who waits," but we have not been waiting, and we don't propose to wait. We KNOW our prices are right, our work A-1, and if you don't bring us work we will come after it, in one way or another, either by bringing to your notice our prices, facilities and quality of execution, or personal interviews. We are not grumbling; far from it. We've had our share; we are still getting our share. But we have placed at your disposal a modern, and almost ideal, printing establishment, with such facilities as to command admiration from all with whom we have business intercourse. We are not waiting; haven't time to wait.

An Up-to-Date Printing Office.

One of the vices the writer made when he was "devil" in a country printing office was, in effect, that if he ever owned or managed a printing establishment, it would be kept clean, at least by comparison. At that time he hardly felt the force of the vow, for he has learned after years of experience that it is necessary immediately after one "going over" to start at the beginning and go over it all again. It never ends—just like a housekeeper's duties—but not like the boy who sees no use in washing his face because it will get soiled again. But, a clean printing establishment is just as necessary for the proper execution of work in our line as light and heat and power. And the vow has been kept. Come and see.

We Do Not Believe

There is another city in the State which sends such a small proportion of its orders for printing and blank books away to our Northern friends as Roanoke. All honor to our bankers and business men; that is—most all of it. We must reserve a little, as this is our "own country."

Our Establishment

Is just opposite and overlooking the lawn of Hotel Roanoke, (one of the finest hotels in the State,) which gives us a magnificent, bright, refreshing view at all times. Our business office and press-room are on the ground floor (along with our prices). Each floor and department is connected with the office by Electric Bells, Speaking Tubes, and Elevators; and all departments are bountifully supplied with all kinds of Labor and Time-Saving Appliances.

In Our Press-Room

Can be seen the rapid, diminutive and monster cylinder presses, including the famous "Promise Keeper," turning out thousands upon thousands of sheets every day. Our largest and best paper cutting machine, the automatic cutting knife sharpener, and tabulating appliances are on this floor. The wonderful and powerful electric motor, which propels the machines on all three floors, is also on this floor. Over in one corner, hardly noticeable, is kept in readiness, as a supplementary power, an improved Gas Engine, to be attached at momentary notice, in case of accident to the electric motor, or for other causes. This precludes the possibility of a "hole" on the power question.

All Together

One of the things which has contributed largely to the success of our establishment is the systematic working "together" of all our forces in all departments. This has reduced to a minimum the "lost motion" which is usually to be found in large industries. If a minute can be saved here, another there, it is done—an hour is gained—thus we take care of the fleeting moments. Five minutes wasted daily by each of our employees would mean the interest on \$10,000 a year. In these days of close margins each moment of time must be productive.

Quite Recently, Too

The times are hard, money tight, everything handled economically—but it cannot possibly stay that way. So we are pushing ("not shoving") ahead, just as though good times were upon us. We cannot afford to lag behind or worry; but in times of peace we are preparing for war. And when it comes we will have an establishment that can take care of anything that comes—and things that do not come now. Recently we placed an order for one of the largest lots of new type ever given at one time in Virginia.

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.,

Printers, Engravers and Blank Book Manufacturers,

opposite Hotel Roanoke.
DW. L. STONE, President

ROANOKE, VA.

PAINTING PAPOOSES.

VERY HARD TO GET LITTLE INDIAN BABIES TO POSE.

A California Woman Artist Describes Her Method—First She Catches the Baby. Then Mascot Takes a Part—The Indian's Superstitious Fear.

"And you want to know how I get Indian babies to pose for me, do you?" Mrs. Grace Hudson, the young California artist, who has made herself famous by painting papooses, wiped her brushes and dropped into a chair in the ivy covered veranda of her studio at Ukiah.

"Now, I'll tell you all you want to know and more, too, perhaps. I have much to contend against, but with the exercise of a little ingenuity and a great deal of perseverance I am able to catch a snap shot of an Indian baby in some interesting attitude or occupation. There's the little fellow lying on his back, trying to get his little brown foot into his mouth," said the lady, pointing to one of her pictures. "That baby looks as if he never did anything but laugh, but I had to give him gumdrops to get the little rascal to look pleasant. That gave me the expression. The pose and coloring had to be done without the model."

"When I see a baby that I want to paint, I cannot borrow it for an indefinite period by telling its parents it's the sweetest thing on earth. I have to kidnap it first and then overcome the natural inclination of a baby to do everything except what is most desired."

"There is a popular superstition among the Indians, that neither arguments nor bribes will shake, that to be sketched or photographed is sure to bring some terrible calamity down on the head of the subject. If it is not a speedy death, it is a disfigurement for life, or at the very least blindness. As all Digger Indians become blind in their old age from sitting all their lives over the smoke of their campfires, their superstition never lacks confirmation. Why, if these Indians here in Ukiah knew that I photographed and painted their babies, I would be regarded as a murderer and my studio would be shunned as a chamber of horrors. I once induced Captain John, a very old Indian whom I had known from my birth, to sit for me. He was so aged and infirm that he could not earn a livelihood and was in imminent danger of starvation."

"After a great deal of moaning and groaning he finally accepted a bribe of bread and boiled beef, but he insisted on eating it first, for fear he would not live to enjoy it. When he had devoured the last crumb, he took his seat and sat for hours staring at me stoically and awaiting his impending fate like a stoic. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his face, and every few moments he would draw a long breath and brace himself for another effort. He must have suffered untold agony in the few hours he sat for me, for no bribe that I could offer would induce him to pass through the ordeal again. He declares he would sooner starve. I have tried to induce him to bring his grandchildren to me, but he only shakes his head and mutters, 'No, bueno Muchacho.' Nothing will induce him to imperil their lives, for he is positive that he escaped death only because he was so old and tough."

"But about the babies. When I want a subject, I first have to find a squaw with a papoose. If the child's face suits me, I enter into negotiations with the mother to do some work, usually scrubbing or window cleaning. She leaves the baby strapped up in his basket and braced against the side of the house, where it will be under her eye. The next maneuver is to get possession of that papoose. I must make it cry, so that I may have some reasonable excuse for taking an interest in it. There is where Mascot 'does his turn,' as the theatrical people say. Here, Mascot, speak."

An orange and white St. Bernard, almost as big as a Shetland pony, bounced up out of the cool ivy and let out a roar that fairly shook the house.

"That will usually make an Indian baby cry," explained Mrs. Hudson. "If it doesn't frighten the baby, it does the mother, and I have to go to the rescue in any event. Mascot just loves to poke his cold nose into a baby's face when it is strapped up hand and foot and perfectly helpless. So the mother is glad enough to let me take the papoose inside, where it will be safe. I promise to take good care of it, to buy it a new dress, and to give it some beads. In a jiffy I have that baby propped up in the light against the front door of my studio. Then comes the task of getting one of those expressions on the face of the baby indicative of interest in life. They are regular little stoics. They will sit and stare without blinking an eye or moving a muscle while I perform the most grotesque antics in order to provoke a laugh. I can occasionally interest them by giving them something to eat, but there is always something about the way they accept food from me that reminds me of the caged animal."

"I worked three days on a baby before I could get a smile, and only then by putting on a feather headdress and dancing around like an Apache medicine man. I worried, tormented, bullied and frightened one poor little fellow for two days trying to make him cry, but when I tried to propitiate him with candy and beads he yelled lustily, and I got a splendid photograph of him."

"Have any of the babies you painted died?" was asked.

"Yes, one. It was my namesake too. Its mother promised to name it after me, but it chanced to be a boy. Had it been a girl its name would have been Grace Hudson Billy-Bowlegs—the family name is quite up to date, being hyphenated. The poor baby struggled along under the name of Dr. Hudson Billy-Bowlegs for about a year and then died. If its mother knew that I had ever painted and photographed it, she would hold me responsible for its death."—San Francisco Call.

His Hat.

It is a pleasant European custom to lift the hat to gentlemen as well as to ladies. Out of this practice arose the remark of a well known London hatter, who met an acquaintance who owed him for the hat he wore.

The hatter, who was accompanied by a friend, lifted his hat to his debtor, but the latter made no sign of recognition.

"He does not salute you?" said the hatter's friend.

"No," said the hatter. "I think he might at least touch my hat to me!"—Youth's Companion.

Short and Businesslike.

"Will you take this here woman for better or worse and give me \$2 for marryin' of you?" was the unique manner in which a Georgia justice united two lives.—Atlanta Constitution.

HE DESISTED.

When He Heard the Other Was Russian, He Gave It Up.

"I'll tell you what I'd like to do," said a middle aged stranger who overtook me on Twenty-third street the other day and walked along beside me. "My sister, over in Trenton, is dying, and I'd like to be there before her soul wings its flight to the unknown. She is my favorite sister, and it will be hard for her to die without seeing me."

I made him no reply, and he went on: "It will cost 50 cents to go over and see my dying sister, and if you could spare it she'd bless you with her last gasp. I'd feel in honor bound, of course, to return the loan within a few days."

I stopped to look into a display window, and the man ranged up beside me and said:

"If you cannot spare me the money to go over and see my dying sister, perhaps you'd help me down to Tompkinsville? The fare is only 25 cents down there, and I can collect \$10 of a man who has been owing me for a year. With that money in my hand I would be independent. You could meet me at the ferry on my return and get your 25 cents, and I'd add 10 cents for interest."

I started on without looking at him, but he followed after and said:

"I don't want to appear avaricious. If you cannot spare me a quarter to go down to Tompkinsville, suppose you loan me 15 cents to get up to Yonkers. I have a rich aunt up there whom I have not seen for two years, and I know she'd count me down \$50 in cash as soon as I stepped into the house. You just give me your card, and I'll send you a \$1 bill in a letter."

I turned aside to look into another window, but he was not to be shaken off. Standing at my elbow, he said:

"Or 10 cents will get me over to Weehawken, where I have a brother in a railroad office. It's my brother Sam, and the first thing he will do will be to hand me \$10. Sam loves me, and he never fails to hand me \$10 when I drop in on him. I'll come back at 4 o'clock to square up with you, and you'll have done me a good turn without being out of pocket."

I turned from the window and walked off at a sharp pace, but he was right on hand to say:

"Look here, old chap, I haven't had any thing to eat today, and I hope you'll spare me a nickel."

"Are you talking to me?" I asked as I came to a sudden halt.

"Yes, of course."

"What tongue are you speaking?"

"English."

"But I don't understand English. Please speak in Russian."

He looked at me for about a minute with his mouth open and a puzzled expression on his face, and then heaved a long sigh and turned away with: "Durn my hide, but I've thrown away half an hour on a blamed foreigner!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Pretty Face Queered Him.

The wintry aspect of Thursday morning furnished the conversational material to which conductors had to respond as they rode down town.

"Winter," remarked one lady whose apparent hauteur made the conductor addressed feel a little surprised that she should try to pick up small talk with a conductor.

"Yes, indeed," he responded, his surprise being lost in quiet satisfaction that he should have been found attractive enough for such an overture.

She was lost in reading letters as the car moved down Washington street. When it began rounding the curve of Milk street, she looked at the self complacent conductor with an angry glance.

"I said Winter," and she uttered the word this time with a tone that startled him.

"Yes, madam, it is wintry, but"—Suddenly he thought that she meant to stop at Winter street, and he jangled the bell instantly. As she sailed out he heard her remark:

"They say Boston conductors are miraculously polite, but it would be better if they didn't try to turn brains into gossip."—Boston Herald.

His Function.

"I wish," said Willie Washington, with a touch of real emotion in his voice, "that I could bring myself to be of more consequence in this world."

"Oh, don't worry. Everybody has his use."

"Y-a-a-s. But I am getting a little tired of being just a chrysanthemum holder."—Washington Star.

Agreed.

He (tremblingly)—I have one last wish to ask you before we part in an anger forever.

She (sobbingly)—What is it, Geo. George?

He—Will you meet me next Thursday, as usual?

She—I will, George.—Tit-Bits.

A Wrong Idea.



He—Anna, come! the market woman is here.

She—Those are not vegetables. That's my new bonnet.—Filigende Blatter.

Her Object.

"Oh, I do wish the count would propose to me!"

"Would you accept him?"

"No, but I could tell Harry all about it after we are engaged."—Brooklyn Life.

A Long Time Between Meals.

"Why did you leave your last boarding place?"

"The meals were too far apart. We breakfasted in China and dined in Dresden."—Detroit Free Press.

His Daring Act.

"How dared you kiss my daughter, sir?" demanded the angry father.

"I-I dared, sir," faltered young Hankinson, "because she dared me!"—Chicago Tribune.



As Woman is the Burden Bearer the world over—she should economize her time and strength.

GOLD DUST
Washing Powder

helps her do just this and yet do all her work as it should be done. It lets the sunshine of leisure enter the household and drives away the gloom of drudgery. All grocers sell GOLD DUST in large pkgs. Price 25c.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

Dwellings.

WE are too busy to write a long "ad" and will just mention a few "GOOD THINGS."

A SNAP—8-room house in best location in southwest, near Jefferson street, lot 70 feet front, all conveniences. We just got this to-day. Come and see us at once.

Large 10-room house and basement near the office. Price \$1,500; \$300 cash, balance \$20 per month. Rent for \$19 per month.

A dandy little 6-room house on corner lot, 50x 120 feet, in southwest part of the town. Price \$1,000; \$150 cash, balance \$10 per month.

Jefferson street dwelling near the Episcopal Church, all conveniences. Price \$3,500.

Fine 8-room house on seventh avenue s. w., bath, hot and cold water, large lot and stable. Price \$2,000; on easy terms.

Nice 6-room house, convenient to the shops. Price \$800; \$50 cash, balance \$10 per month.

FARMS.

Write for our list of farms for sale.

List your property with us for sale.

J. F. WINGFIELD,

Real Estate, Insurance and Rental Agent,
210 COMMERCE ST.

Ramon's Relief Cures Sick-Headache, Neuralgia, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, &c. 25c. for large bottle.

Roanoke Shoe Manufacturing Co.

—25 SALEM AVENUE—

All Kinds of Boots and Shoes Made and Repaired. All Orders Promptly Attended to.
D. HORGAN, Manager.
Factory Over Carr's Bottling Works.

DRUNKENNESS AND DRUG HABITS

Successfully treated by the use of Van Deventer's "TRUE-TONIC." Send for circular of information to R. L. VAN DEVENTER, HAGERSTOWN, MD. Sold by druggists. \$1.00 per bottle.

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Cures all troubles of the Throat and Lungs. CATARRH, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, LACRIMAE, WILL CURE You. First Inhalation stops sneezing, coughing, colds, croup, etc. Continued use effects a CURE.

ENDORSED by the highest medical authorities of Europe and America for COLDS, Sore Throat, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, LA GRIPPE, The most Refreshing and Healthful aid to HEADACHE sufferers. Brings Sleep to the sleepless. Cures Insomnia and Nervous Prostration. Don't be fooled with worthless imitations. Take only CUSHMAN'S. Price 50c. at all Druggists, or mailed free. Agents wanted. CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL BALM produces wonderful cures of Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frostbite, Eczema, Itch, etc. Remedies for PILES. Price 25c. at Druggists. Book on Menthols free. Address Cushman Manufacturing Co., No. 34 Dearborn Street, (Union Building), CHICAGO, or VINCENTS, IND.

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